His Sail of 1,200 Leagues in an Open Boat for Safety-The Misery of Himself and Companions-Attacked by Island Natives -Escapes From Pursuing Canoes-The Final Landing at a Friendly Settlement.

The reprint of Lieut. Bligh's diary of the mutiny on board H. M. S. Bounty, which has inst been issued by the Bankside Press of London, tells in direct sallor fashion the story of one of the most remarkable cruises ever made a small boat. No mutiny in naval history had such far-reaching consequences as that which occurred on board the Bounty in the south seas more than a century ago. William Bligh was a skilful English navigator who was born in London in 1753. As a Lieutenant he accompanied Capt. Cook on his Pacific voyeges. He was commissioned by George III. import breadfruit trees and other vegetables from the South Sea Islands to the West

Indies and placed in command of the Bounty.

The Bounty reached Otahelte at the wrong season of the year and consequently had to remain there for six months to secure her cargo. Association with the native women corrupted the crew, and it is evident from Lieut Bligh's diary that to this he attributes the mutiny, Hesays:

"The women at Otaheite are bandsome mild and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these and many other attendant circumstances, equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them vold of connections, should be led away; especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to flx themselves in the midst of plenty, on the finest Island in the world, where they need not labor and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived."

Other writers who have dealt with this interesting story of the seas have alleged that Lieut. Bligh's exacting discipline was the chief cause for the trouble which broke out on board his ship. Bligh's subsequent career as Govarrested for tyrannical conduct, and that has been accepted as a partial justification of the indication of unnecessarily severe discipline on his part. The Bounty sailed from Otaheite on April 4, 1789. The crew mutinied on April 28, and after setting Lieut. Bilgh and his eighteen loyal men adrift in an open boat with only 150 pounds of bread, 32 pounds of pork, 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine and 28 gallons of water for provisions, they bore away to Otaheite Fourteen of the mutineers who remained there were arrested in 1791 by officers of the British ship Pandora. Four of these men were lost by shipwreck on the voyage home, the remainder were tried, three of them being executed and the others acquitted or pardoned.

Fletcher Christian, one of the mutineers on the Bounty, with eight of the mutineers, nine native women and nine native men, left Otaheite on the Bounty and sailed to Pitcairn Island, where the Bounty was wrecked, that all traces of her might be destroyed. Pitcairn Island is only about two and a half miles long and one mile broad, and had it not been for this mutiny it probably would have been unsettled to-day. All trace of Christian and his mutineers were lost until 1808, when Capt. Folger of Nantucket called at Pitcairn Island, thinking it uninhabited. To his surprise two men of light brown color came out in a cance and greeted him in English. They were descendants of the original mutineers, the only survivor of the party at that time being Alexander Smith, who afterward assumed the name of John Adams. Smith prepared a code for the government of the island and acted as Governor and teacher. He was apparently a man of unusual ability. In 1858 the Pitcairn Islanders were moved to Norfolk Island, because it was believed that they would be happier there. Two families of them, numbering seventeen persons, became homesick and returned to Pitcairn Island, where they and their descendants have lived since that time.

log book. His description of the mutiny is told as follows:

log book. His description of the mutiny is told as follows:

"Just before sunrising, Mr. Christian, with the master at arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burket, seaman, came into my cabin while I was asleep, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back and threatened me with instant death, if I spoke or made the least noise. I, however, called so loud as to alarm every one; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than threats of instant death, if I did not hold my tongue. Mr. Elphinston, the master's mate, was kept in his berth; Mr. Nelson, botanist, Mr. Peckover, gunner, Mr. Ledward, surgeon, and the master, were confined to their cabins; and also the cierk, Mr. Samuel, but he soon obtained leave to come on deck. The fore hatchway was guarded by sentinels; the boatswain and carpenter were, however, allowed to come on deck. The fore hatchway was guarded by sentinels; the boatswain and carpenter were, however, allowed to come on deck. The boatswain was now ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself."

Bligh attempted to stem the tide, but Christian, who was apparently the most determined man among the mutineers, threatened to kill him immediately if he would not be quiet. The men who had been loyal to Bligh were forced over the side into a small boat which had been equipped with hardly enough provisions, apparently, to last them a week. It was apparent from the remarks made by the mutineers that they feared to give Bligh much in the way of equipment for his boat, knowing him to be a man of resources and suspecting that if he had a ghost of "Just before sunrising, Mr. Christian, with

The secrecy of this mutiny is beyond all The secrecy of this mutiny is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party who werwith me had all lived forward among the people, yet neither they nor the messmates, or stewards Henry or Young had ever observed any circumstance to give them suspicion of what was going on. The possibility of such a conspiracy was ever the farthest from my thoughts."

a conspiracy was ever the farthest from my thoughts."

Bligh's first determination was to seek a supply of breadfruit and water at Tofoa, where the Bounty had been bound after leaving Annamooka, one of the Friendly Islands. The boat in which he found himself was the ship's launch, without shelter. It was provided with oars and a sail. On the night of the day following the mutiny Bligh reached Tofoa and kept his boat under the lee of the island until daylight. Tofoa is the northwesternmost of the Friendly Islands. Here he obtained a few quarts of water. On Thursday, April 30, a strong wind made it dangerous to go to sea and Bligh's men climbed the cliffs and secured about twenty cocoanuts. On the day following a few natives appeared with whom Bligh made friends and from them he secured a small addition to his stock of provisions. Two chiefs appeared on Sunday and to them Bligh gave an old shirt and a knife. They knew that he had been with Capt. Cook and they were curious to find out how he happened to be cruising in a small boat. Bligh's plain narrative of what followed reads:

"The beach was now lined with the natives and we heard nothing but the knecking of stones together, which they had in each hand. I knew very well this was the sign of an attack.

myself that they intended to seize hold be if I gave then such an opportunity "he sun was setting as Bligh gave the word to men who were ashore with him to pick up if goods and rush for the boats. The naskept knocking stones together. "We had wall but two or three things in the boat an I took Nageete by the hand, and we

walked down the beach, every one in a silent kind of horror. When I came to the boat, and was seeing the people embark, Nageete wanted me to stay to speak to Eefow; but finding I would not stay, Nageete loosed himself from my hold and went off, and we all got into the boat except one man, who, while I was getting on board, quitted it, and ran up the beach to cast the stern fast off, notwithstanding the mastter and others called to him to return, while they were hauling me out of the water.

"I was no sooner in the boat than the attack began by about 200 men; the unfortunate poor man who had run up the beach was knocked down, and the stones flew like a shower of shot. Many Indians got hold of the stern rope, and were near hauling us on shore, and would certainly have done It if I had not had a knife in my pocket, with which I cut the rope. We then hauled off to the grappel, every one being more or less hurt. At this time I saw five of the natives about the poor man they had killed, and two of them were beating him about the head with stones in their hands.

"We had no time to reflect, before, to my surprise, they filled their canoes with stones and twelve men came off after us to renew the attack, which they did so effectually as nearly to disable all of us. They paddled round us, so that we were obliged to sustain the attack without being able to return it, except with such stones as lodged in the boat, and in this I found we were very inferior to them. At dark they gave over the attack and returned toward the shore, leaving us to reflect on our unhappy situation."

After this experience Blief decided to look.

I found we were very inferior to them. At dark they gave over the attack and returned toward the shore, leaving us to reflect on our unhappy situation.

After this experience Bligh decided to look for assistance at the Island of Timor, where there was a Dutch settlement. This was a distance of 1.200 leagues. His boat was only twenty-three feet long, he had no chart and only a general knowledge of the situation of places assisted by a book of latitudes and longitudes. The men agreed to live on an ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of waier a day, and away they sailed. Lieut Bligh's diary for the few following days confines liself to the details of sailing his small boat, which proved unexpectedly seaworthy, and his careful division of each day's provisions. He made toward the Feelee Islands and each bit of land which he passed, he charted as well as he was able. He landed at none of them for fear of hostile natives, having no arms for defence. Wednesday, May 8, was notable because one of the men hooked a fish and was miserably disappointed by its being lost in pulling it into the boat. Bligh describes the conditions on his boat in this fashion:

"I now directed my course west by north for the night, and served to each person an ounce of the damaged bread and a quarter of a plnt of water for supper. It may readily be supposed that our lodgings were very misernels and confined, and I had only in my power to remedy the latter defect by purting ourselves at watch and watch: so that one-half always sat up while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing to cover us but the heavens. Our limbs were to remedy the latter defect by purting ourselves at watch and watch: so that one-half always sat up while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing to cover us but the heavens. Our limbs were to remedy the them of the mights were so cold and we so constantly wet, that after a few hours' sleep we could scarce move. At dawn of day we again discovered land from west s

e voyage: "Saturday, May the 16th. Fresh gales from the S E and rainy weather. In addition to our miserable allowance of one twenty-fifth of a pount of bread and a quarter of a pint of water I issued for dinner about an ounce of salt pork to each person. I was often solicited for this pork, but I considered it better to give it in small quantities than to use all at one or twice, pork. But I considered it better to give the small quantities than to use all at once of twice, which would have been done if I had allowed it. At noon I observed, in 13 degrees 33 minutes 8; longtitude made from Tofoa. 12 degrees 7 minutes W: course N 82 degrees W: distance 101 miles. The sun gave us hopes of drying our

wet clothes. "Sunday, May the 17th. The sunshine was but of short duration. We had strong breezes at S E by S and dark gloomy weather with storms of thunder, lightning and rain. The night was truly horrible and not a star to be seen.

of thunder, lightning and rain. The night was truly horrible and not a star to be seen. Our situation was extremely miserable always wet and suffering extreme cold in the night without the least shelter from the weather. Being constantly obliged to bale, to keep the boat from filling, was perhaps not to be reckoned as an evil, as i gave us exercise.

By this time every man was suffering from extreme hunger, and Bligh says.

Thursday, May the 21st. Fresh gales and theavy showers of rain. Wind E. N.E. Our distresses were now very great, and we were so covered with rain and sait water that we could scarcely see. Sleep, though we longed for it, afforded no comfort, for my own part, I almost lived without it; we suffered extreme cold, and every one dreaded the approach of night. About 2 o'clock in the morning we were overwhelmed with a deluge of rain. It fell so heavy that we were afraid it would fill the boat, and we were obliged to bale with all our might. At dawn of day I served a large allowance of rum. Toward noon the rain abated and the sun shone, but we were misarably cold and wet, the sea breaking so constantly over us, that, notwithstanding the heavy rain, we had not been able to add to our stock of fresh water. The usual allowance is stock of fresh water. The usual allowance is stock of fresh water. The usual allowance is stock of fresh water. The add to our provided the sun and the sun should to be add to our stock of fresh water. The usual allowance is stock of fresh water. The usual allowance is stock of fresh water. The add to be a stock of drunken loafers.

"Use the loant and the first had been with the first playing, I suppose, said I, for I had seen wild bears folking when they though the hears, and if they ain't drunk they are detuned in the same of the same wild bears folking with they are two bears, and if they ain't drunk they are detuned in the sear, and if they ain't drunk they are detuned in the sear, and if they ain't drunk they are detuned in the same playing, I suppose, said I, for I had s

FOLLOWED THE BEARS IN.

It was somewhere about a a cook in the somewhere about a cook in the some and all fifty yards. When they struck the opening the men suddenly halted, and if loud see tenm handling fire guns, as if getting out the some and all fifty yards. When they struck the opening the men suddenly halted, and if loud see tenm handling fire guns, as if getting out the managed some the Spatial for the cook in the same and the structure of the seem of the cook in the same and the structure of the seem of the cook in the same and the structure of the seem of the cook in the same and the sam into a creek to be washed away. How he managed the smoke you'll see before I get through, and as to drunken men. Melton never sold moonshine in the county in which his stills were." "But how did you manage to capture him

at last?" inquired one of the listeners. "That's the funniest part of my story, and you all (the Major was an old Virginian) will think that I am a liar whether you say it in plain English or not. The fact is I got on old Lem's trail through a couple of wild bears, Of course none of you believe it," said he, glancsuggestive smiles, "but you can ask Sam Springstone and Tom Van Borin, both of whom were with me. We had searched McDowell county from end to end without success until one evening, when we learned that our man had gone over into Wise county, Va. Wise county s one of the wildest parts of the State, and it is full of 'shiners' and the sort of people who patronize them. These people we knew would put Melton on his guard the minute they suspected us, so we got a set of surveyor's instruments, and passed ourselves off as a scientific survey party looking up the geologic formation of the country. Springston carried the chain while Van carried the axe. For several days we worked near the county seat to allay

off into the mountains. "We knew that every day for a week we were followed, and acted accordingly We would stop every now add then, take a sight, run out a few chains and mark a few trees here and there. We knocked off pieces of rock and put them in our canvas sacks, and when we returned to our boarding places we "tested" the rocks and put down the result in our books. Of course all this parsence was done to de-

suspicion should any arise; then we started

The second process of the control of

me like the cuss had got into our cave somenow. Come along, boys, and we'll see for ourselves, there's no danger of anybody being about."

"What'll we do with the bear?' inquired one of the men.

"Let him alone for the present, we don't need any meat just now and we can get that fellow any time we want him, now that he's got a taste of liquor. Thunder and Mars, if here isn't another drunken bear! exclaimed the leader, as his eyes lit on the other sleeping Bacchus. Let'em alone, boys, and let's get into the cave and see how things look. Then we've got to fix up and make a run, you know, to fill that order from Cumberland Gap."

"So they left the bears lying where they found them and crept out of sight under the brush. An hour later we began to get a slight smell of smoke, but we couldn't discover the spot from which it issued until Tom, happening to look upward, saw a thin spiral of smoke issuing from the top of a tail, hollow tree close to which we were lying. No wonder old Lem's stills were never discovered through sinoke. Nothing could have been shrewder than making use of a hollow tree to carry off the smoke fifty feet above ground. That explained why the sinokepipe was run into the hollow tree which had been inserted in the crevice and the latter filled up all garound.

"The next thing now was the capture of the gang—a risky job, of course. After consultation we agreed to do nothing before 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, at which time we believed Melton and his men, or two of the crowd at least would be asieep; so while Tom stood guard Sam and I slept a couple of hours; then sam took a turn, and after him I stood guard. About half-past I o'clock I awoke Tom and Sam and we made our way quietly as possible around and down to the little shelf below. We saw nothing of the bears, which had probably gone off in search of something to eat. We crept up to the bunch of brush in front of the cavern as we stood at its entrace, but before we had gone half the length of the corridor approached. After covering the men wit

"Surrender, you fellows, or down you go,"
"One of the men—it was old Lem himselfreached for his gun.

"Not another move or I'll shoot,' said I,
covering the fellow's head. 'Springstone,
handcuff these fellows, and if one of them makes
a movement I will put a bullet through him.'

"The men saw that resistance was hopeless
and they quietly surrendered, but if they could
have got hold of their guns there would have
been trouble. After we had handcuffed the
moonshiners we broke open all their kegs and
barrels and let the whiskey run: then we
smashed their mashtubs and broke up their
big still and all its appurtenances, leaving nothing but a worthless wreck of what had been
the finest illicit still outfit I ever saw.

"On our way back to Wise Courthouse I
told old Lem how we had discovered his still
through the drunken bears, and he swore that
after he got out he would kill every bear in
the mountains. We took Lem and his two men
to Richmond, where they got long sentences
in the pen. That's the story of my funniest
experience since I have been a moonshine
hunter."

Camels, Monkeys, Gireffes and Llamas Are Not

It has often been said that among all the bipeds and quadrupeds man alone is unable to swim naturally; but this, like many other sweeping statements, is not usually true. Many men into deep water, while, cn the other hand, there are several mammals whose natatory power is even inferior to that of man. Take, for instance, camels, monkeys, giraffes and

got so strong sometimes that it was necessary to do these things. I remember once a mass meetin' was called on matters of public importance. Among a few it was known that vigilance committee was to be organized. Seven prominent citizens had been marked. These men came to the meetin' and were doin more talkin' than anybody when suddenly they were seized, hauled to the edge of the town and swung up in a row on the limb of a big cottontree. It was sudden, but had its effect. "Baxter Springs was built of low, shackling

frame houses, with a saloon every other door glittering with red lights at night that were an invitation to danger as well as dissipation. It always seemed to me that any man who asked to be marshal of Baxter Springs had grown tired of living, but shrank from killing himself with his own hand. In nine cases out of ten, it was about the same as suicide to get the place. The marshal was a mark for every bad man that came up the trail. It was a cowboy's ambition the morning, at which and we ded is am and I slept a couple of hours; then took a turn, and after him I stood guard, thair-past I o'clock I awoke Tom and Sarn te made our way nuisely as possible around the scarch of something to eat. We cruthe search of something to eat. We cruth the bunch of brush in front of the cavern or revolvers in our hands ready to short our revolvers in our hands and sold at its entire. But there is a stood at its entire, but before we can be short our revolvers in our hands and sold hands and the length of the corridor we stood at its entire, but before we can be short our revolvers in our revolvers in our way be short our revolvers in our way be short our revolvers in our way back to Wise Courthouse I as a special our revolvers our reports of the state of the state of the revolvers our way back to Wise Courthouse I and the way hands to way the short our way back to Wise Courthouse I and the way hands to way the street our way back to Wise Courthouse I and the way hands to way the street our way back to Wise Courthouse I and the way hands to way the short our way back to Wise Courthouse I and the way hands to way the short our way back to Wise Courthouse I and the way hand to we had becovered his still gh the drunken bears, and he swort that has puries and that among all the spin quarter.

ANIMALS AS SWIMMERS.

**ANIMALS AS SWIMMERS.* shoot a town marshal. Many times the marshal was tough himself, but this only added to the excitement of the fights. He was regarded

Ramsey couldn't talk and then threw him into his wagon bedily and told him to sail for home, and he went. His defeat and the guyin' of friends worried Ramsey. He decided to 'try it again, and came to town and began tankin'. Taylor didn't wait for any invitation this time, but just mauled the life out of him, dragged him down the street and threw him into the calaboose. Friends passed whiskey and wedges into the calaboose and Dave steamed up and broke open the door. Taylor heard of it, and as Dave stepped into the street, predictin' that he would destroy the world, Taylor walked up and said meekly as a lamb:

"See here, Ramsey, I'm tired of vou; now you've got just ten seconds to get back in there or I'll kill you."

"Dave locked at Taylor's gun and then at his eyes, and began to wild. He saw death starin' him in the face. Suddenly he turned and walked in. That was the last of the worst bully of Baxter Springs. He cut he town off his map when he went spreein'.

"This gave Taylor standin' among the fighters and his reputation spread. Gentlemen handy with their guns began to show up for a whirl with the new marshal of Baxter Springs. Taylor killed 'em right and left and at the drop of the hat, cooly calmly as if drivin' nails in a board, never betrayin' the least excitement and goin' about the streets and into the dives as if he was the only man in town. He walked into saloons filled with drunken cowboys and always brought out his man. He seemed to bear a charmed life. He didn't talk about law and order or bein' respectable and all that; he simply said that he was drawin' his salary for keepin' the peace, and he intended to do it if every coyote on the trail from Raxter Springs to Texas came to town in a bunch.

"Did any of you cow punchers ever know Can Rector of Texas? You don't know much about the cow business if you didn't. Can Rector of Texas, you don't know much about the cow business if you didn't. Can Rector of Texas and the shoot in irons, and was known as a killer. He nuiled into town with his outfit one

"Somebody told Can that Taylor would nail

back way, said the proprietor, and Can kept goin."

"Semebody told Can that Taylor would nail him if he kept on cuttin' up, and Can took it to heart. He said rublicly on the street. Twe got just one job to do before I pull my freight out of this heah town—I m gwine to kill that Marshalof yours." Taylor heard of it. Can was in a salcon with his cowhoys, tryin' to push the roof off. Taylor was warned not to go in, as there were too many for him and there would be a killin' in which he would be the dead man.

"Don't you worry about that,' said Taylor. I always heleved that Taylor suspected Can was a coward. Anyway, he pushes open the door and walks in. Can was leanin' on the bar, drinkin' and cussin'.

"Hello, Can Rector, I hear that you've been talkin' about killin' me before you left town,' savs Taylor.

"Can straightened up and seein' Taylor's eyes, stuttered a moment and answered. The man thet said that, suh, is a damn liah, suh."

"Well, I didn't know, replied Taylor, lavin' his hand on his cun, 'I just thought I'd call around and see about it.' Can left town that day, knowin' that he would get killed if he stayed.

"How did Taylor wind up? Just the same as any man that makes a business of carryin' a guin. Now, I'm not sayin' anything about the lady, but there was a woman in the case somewhere deep down. The affair got to the shootin' stage when Taylor pa-sed a salcon one day and a feller hops out with a double-borrel guil loaded with buckshot and hangs away at him close up. Kill him? Never touched a hair on his head. The feller started to run, but Taylor pulls his gun and bored a hole in him as hig as an auger. Right there was a prirate, of course, but there was a man living at Bayter Strings in them days that looked just like one. His came was Royd. By the cards settin' stacked in some way he had been elected Markor. This man Boyd was a tricht. He was six feetall, straight as a cortonwood with a face red as fire from drink. His hair and long droopin' mustache were always dyed blue black. Pushed down into th

thumb. All this riggin' was topped off with a tall black slouch bat. Nothin' was known about his antecedents, but he always ac ed mysterious. His reputation was that he had killed scads of men. Gamblia' and drinkin' and killin' was his occupation. He carried two or three guns and had a habit of keepin' his hands in his pockets. The woman's story was wilspered around and there was bettin' that there would be a funeral.

"Boyd nearly killed a man in a fight one day and a warrant was sworn out for his arrest. Taylor was to serve it. Some of us kept our eyes peeled toward where Boyd was sittin' in a chair on the sidewalk leanin' back ngainst the front of a store. He had a pet gun, a big livery handle six-shooter, which was generally in sight. Boyd had both hands in his pockets when Taylor walked up. He listened to the readin' of the warrant without makin' a kick and said that he would go along. As Boyd got to his feet, Taylor said.

"Sorry, but I'll have to have that gun, pointing to the six-shooter." Certainly, with pleasure, answered Boyd, handin' over the weapon.

"Both men were watchin' each other like hawks. Quick as a flash Boyd jerked back his long coat, and a pistoi went off. He had fired from his trousers pocket with a derringer. As Taylor fell he pulled his own gun, but death had him, and his finger was too weak to press the trigger. That was the end of the only marshal that ever put the brakes on Baxier Springs. What about the woman? Well, that's another story."

SELF-PRESERVED WOODCHUCK.

Advantage Taken by Maine Farmers of the

Animal's Long Winter Sleep. MONROE, Me., Sept. 10 .- One of the features of the North Waldo Agricultural Society's fair, at Monroe, is the great woodchuck hunt held on the hilly pasture lands just outside the On these hunts more than onehundred men and boys, all armed with guns and spades and picks, make a day of it unearthing and killing the warlike little animals, which have wrought greatharm to the growing crops The hunt results in the slaying of from fifty to two hundred ground hogs, and ends with an outdoor barbecue, at which scores of wood-chucks and many bushels of green corn are roasted and eaten. Though the orchards are robbed of much valuable fruit and stone walls are pulled down and acres of grass land are dug full of holes the owners of the property believe the sacrifice is a small one in view of the good accomplished in ridding the fields of so many noxious pests.

"Afore the boys started in on these 'ere hunts," said Peleg Cole, "all the farmers hereabouts could raise was woodchucks and the Old Scratch, and ez they couldn't eat the Old Scratch, they hed to feed on woodchucks or starve. I'll bet that ef the census man was to come eround and take ercount of the woodchucks, he'd find more'n er milion right here in Waldo county, and he wouldn't have to hunt very hard at that. An' er woodchuck ain't so very bad ter eat, if An' er woodchuck and to very one to get yer didn't get so all fired hungry trying to get him that yer lost yer appetite afore he was

and he wouldn't have to hunt very hard at that. An' er woodchuck ain't so very bad ter eat, if yer didn't get so all fired hungry trying to get him that yer lost yer appetite afore he was cooked. He's jest erbout like money, is the woodchuck, so hard to catch that you don't know what to do with him when he's in your hand. But take him and skun him and pull out his innards and bile him in saleratus water five minutes, and he makes the best roast you ever seed or ever want to see. Fill him up with stuffin' with plenty of sage and fat pork chopped into it, sew him up and put him in a pan in the oven with lots of sweet potatoes alongside of him, and when he has cooked two or three hours in a slow fire, he's fit for the President or anybody else. One common-size woodchuck with the 'taters and the stuffin' and the fixin's will make a good meal fer four, and hev enough left over ter feed the dog and cat, which is more'n a Plymouth Rock rooster will do, no matter how big he is.

In towns where gravelly knolls and rank clover are plentiful the farmers suffer heavy losses from the depredations of woodchucks. After asking the State to put a bounty on the animals and suffering defeat before the Legislature from the residents of the lowland towns where woodchucks cannot dwell, Monroe went ahead alone and made an offer of 10 cents for the tail of every woodchuck that was brought to the office of the Town Treasurer. This financial stimulus caused all the boys to buy guns and made it impossible to have any school in the summer. The bounty amounted to more than \$400 the first year. The second season it was nearly as large, and the people had an idea they would be bankrupt before the animals were slain, when evidence of conspiracy and fraud was discovered that put a permanent end to further bounties. In a few years the surviving woodchucks hand filled their depleted ranks with new recruits and made new misery for the farmers until the visitors at the fair added woodchuck hunting to the regular features of the exhibition. The res woodchuck is lean and hungry he is very shy, but after he puts on a little fat his nature undergoes a great change, and he will stop and argue with a newcomer until his escape to his hole is endangered. When he has sought safety under ground he will go no deeper than far enough to conceal his body, and will remain there chattering defiance until he is killed or his pursuer goes away. Taking advantage of this habit, the hunters bend tough birch withes and push the bight into the hole, whereupon the maddened groundhog takes the stick between his teeth and is pulled out before he is able to unhook his curved incisors from the wood. He is then put inside a stout canvas bug and carried to a tight cellar, where he soon falls into his winter's sleep, from which he does not awaken until March or April. Whenever a thrifty householder has company to feed or feels the need of a fresh meat dinner, a woodchuck is brought up from the pile in the cellar and killed in its sleep, passing from dormant life to the bakepan without a pang. In this way the farmers keep fresh meat in stock all through the winter without having to go to attention, beyond the slaying and dressing. Therefore it is safe to say that while the woodchucks hold out refrigerator beef will never be

SOME WASHINGTON CLOCKS.

A Few Are Interesting, but None So Famous

From the Chicago Record e are 600 clocks in the Treasury Departnent and a man named Fleming is paid \$45 a month for winding them and keeping them n repair. This duty is let annually to the owest bidder and the cost has been reduced from \$75 to \$45 a month by rivalry between Mr. Fleming and another clockmaker who secured the job for two or three years through political influence during the last Cleveland

Mr. Fleming had looked after the clocks in the Treasury at a salary of \$75 a month as long as anybody could remember, until he considered that privilege a vested right, and when it was taken away from him by Secretary Carlisle he was very uneasy and finally underbid his rival and offered to do it for \$60 a month. The contract was given him and the next year the other man underbid him and got the job for \$50 a month. Next time Fleming came in with an offer of \$45 a month, which was really lower than anybody could afford to make, because it requires nearly all his time to perform the duties, particularly as many of the clocks are getting old and constantly need

clocks are getting old and constantly need repairs. In the other departments the messengers of the different bureaus look after the clocks, except the large ones that are connected by wire with the Naval Observatory and accurately mark the sun time.

The clocks at the White House are looked after by one of the local jewelry merchants, who sends a man every week to wind them and see that they are in order. It is a curious fact that only one of the twenty-five or thirty clocks in the White House is of American manufacture, and that is a big gilt affair which stands on the mantel in the Green Room and was purchased while James Monroe was President.

The most interesting clock is the White House is in the Blue Parlor, It was made of alabaster and French gilt bronze for Napoleon Bonaparte and was presented to Gen Washington by Marquis de Lafayette. It still keeps excellent time and runs for a month without winding.

excellent time and runs for a month without winding. In Mrs McKinley's sitting room is a French clock which has been running without repair for over thirty-five years. It was purchased during the Lincoln Administration.

We have no famous clocks in the United States like old "Tom" in the tower of the British House of Parliament or that in the spire of the Cathedral at Strasburg or the one in St. Petersburg, which is the most wonderful in the world. It has ninety-five faces and indicates the time of day at thirty different spots on the earth and moon, the signs of the zodiac, the location of the principal planets and the date, according to the Gregorian, Greek, Moslem and Hebrew calendars.

dars.

At Moscow there is a clock made for the Empress of Russia in 1724, upon the reverse of which is a representation of the Holy Sepulchre. At a certain hour of the day an angel appears, rolls away the stone, an image of the Saviour steps out, and a music box plays the Easter hymns of the Russian Church.

CAMPTOWN'S HOMING CATS

A NEW KIND OF SPORT INTRODUCED BY IKE GILVREY.

The Cats of No Particular Breed; Country

Cats Preferred-Training of the Cats for Flights-Nine of Them in a Race Lived McKeeley's Secret for Winning the Contest If the National Association of Homing Fanciers is ever formed lke Gilvrey town, N. J., can boast that he made

istence possible, for he is the founder of homing cat club in the world. It is the town Homing Cat Club and has for its a cat's head in a garter with the motto "A cat came back.' The club has seven members. Each member

owns a loft of cats, all properly marked with light collars and tags. The cats are of no particular breed, but are just plain barny and and kitchen tabbies of country raising fanciers say that they doubt it city ever be good homers, owing to the ! they are inclined to follow roads and while the country cat will take the line home except where his flight is interrupts by watercourses so wide that a detour must be made to find a bridge. The best sand o homing cat, the club men say, is one that has done his hunting around the house and barn and has not been led away by a taste lot field mice, grasshoppers, sparrows and young rabbits, for a game hunting cat would be sure to dally on the way home to look for a toothsome morsel.

morsel.

The homing cats belonging to the Camptow Club are classified according to are and sex, be in no other manner, as there can be no champioclass this year. Since last spring the member have been training their cats over short light such as 1,000 or 2,000 yards. Ike triving say that his striped tabby Jule came home 3 is yards from Short Hills a few nights ago in first eight minutes. A cat is taken in an ordinary yards from Short Hills a few mixits ago eight minutes. A cat is taken in an of fishing basket to a point decided upon leased at a specified time, while the owne, watch in hand, to note the return favorite. Most of the early training if distances was done by dropping the category and driving rapidly away. Theen kept up persistently until the category and the necessity of a speedy but it must be observed that this is only practice, and until last Sunday night could tell how a bunch of cate might loosed together.

could tell how a bunch of cats migh-loosed together.

The first race was set down for 6 o'c Sunday night, and nine cats were ente-sent to a point on the road in the outs-Rahway. The distance was 5,000 yn-nearly three miles. The cats were pi-seven baskets and taken to the starting. Ira Cole, whose watch was set to cor-with the others. Ike Gilvrey and Louis vi-bach each had two entries and the ra-apiece. Each man guarded his loft -pany with a companion to corroborate pany with a companion to corroborate apiece. Each man guarded his loft in companion to corroborate his resord. With one exception the cats were all good-looking animals. The exception is such to have been pinched from Hen Gleichman's tavern by one of the members a couple of months ago and thoroughly trained by some server method. This was a mangy, two-year-old gray tabby that nobody would think of petting.

The cats were let loose promptly at a o'clock and just as promptly two cat fights started in the road, while five other cats took to sever in five different directions. One alone headed straight for home on the road she came, it was Hen Gleichman's gray, entered by Llood McKeeley. She was back on his front stoop at 6:51:13, and lke Gelvrey's gray was second, twenty minutes later. His other cat came in the next day badly damaged. He was olde of the scrappers. Two cats have not returned yet, but the others made fair time and held out encouragement for another and longer flight in the near future. The success of McKeeley's cat led some of the members to think that he was using drugs on the animal When questioned about the matter by a Suy man McKeeley said:

"Nonsense! It's just this way. Gleichman is a great fisherman and the cat likes lish. Hen hasn't been doing much fishing recently, or hasn't had much luck, and I presumed on the cat's taste. I always showed her a pogy or a weakfish before taking her out for training and let her see where I put it under the starved her and when she was going away I showed her a big weakfish, let her smell of it and let her see me put it under the stoop. You can bet she had that on her mind when she got out of the basket. Some of the other hungry cats stooped to eat grasshoppers and they're eating yet." pany with a companion to corre ord. With one exception the

WANTED, A NEW APPLE.

Dangerous Transformations Effected in Incocent Maine Cider. NORTH SEARSPORT, Me., Sept. 7 .- Maine's apple crop varies from eight or ten miller

oushels in a good year, to two to three rel bushels in an off year. Millions of dollar have been spent in trying to induce the to give a uniform yield every year so th fluctuations from 50 cents a barrel in gerd to \$2 and \$4 a barrel in off years would no disturb the prosperity of the communiists have been trying to develop new to London and Liverpool markets, where is a quick demand for American apples a prices. The call is loudest for a large, high-colored apple that is hard grained able to stand a deal of rough knocking without showing signs of bodily has

without showing signs of bodily harm apples should be good keepers and to look at, but their eating and cock ities may be of the worst without of from their value, the English purched ing to make his selection with his eyes. Twenty years ago Peter Gideon of apolis sent to Maine for scions and hardy apples, writing that he had specure and most of his life trying to go in Minnesota. A bundle of scions if gor orchards and a few quarts of seeds which were from the native cherry or forwarded to his address. Nothing we from him for four or five years freeway applies to the circulars this new application of the circulars this new application of the circulars this new application of the was named the Wealthy, would live in where a willow would freeze to death, a

duced from a crab seed grown in its cording to the circulars this new at was named the Wealthy, would live it where a willow would freeze to death, continue to bear year after year vacation in a century. Later trible fied many of these assertions. The has driven the apple-growing belt further north, all across the United Shas converted thousands of acres of stony land into productive orchards fruit ripens early and decays in a fit is worthless for the market and no revenues were derived from the though more cider was made than eand the Wealthy apple was roundly in hundreds of meetings as the greathat ever invaded a temperance of the though more cider was made than eand the Wealthy apple was roundly in hundreds of meetings as the greathat ever invaded a temperance of at present the Maine orchards is a too many kinds of apples that ripen september, and he is still looking to fine-grained and-good flavored kindspring. The man who will discove apple can earn a fortune and the list tude of an expectant public.

Cider making begins with the first greatly in September. The first prost the apple pulp is drawn off into bar sold as sweet cider in the city marks as it remains true to name, the rended left in barrels with wire gauze over cider. The pomace is put into bor and allowed to stand in water for the days until it turns sour. It is through the press, and the resultande into cider vinegar, for which always a good demand at fair prices.

Very little cider of the first pressin way to the vinegar barrel, for which always a good demand at fair prices.

Very little cider of the first pressin way to the vinegar barrel, for which always a good demand at fair prices.

Very little cider of the first pressin way of hardening cider there are sproved methods of intensifying and the process. The one most in vokultander in the city of means and taste of the cider until it is reduced to one-foriginal bulk. A larger or smaller to new rum or alcohol, the amount ys ecording to the means and taste of the cider in the city. "keep," and the mixture is put a storage. When this kind of hard

enough alcohol it can be used at any tin-is warranted to do good execution if to sufficient quantity. The oldest, and all things consider